

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

International Headquarters: -
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder.
BRAMWELL BOOTH, General.

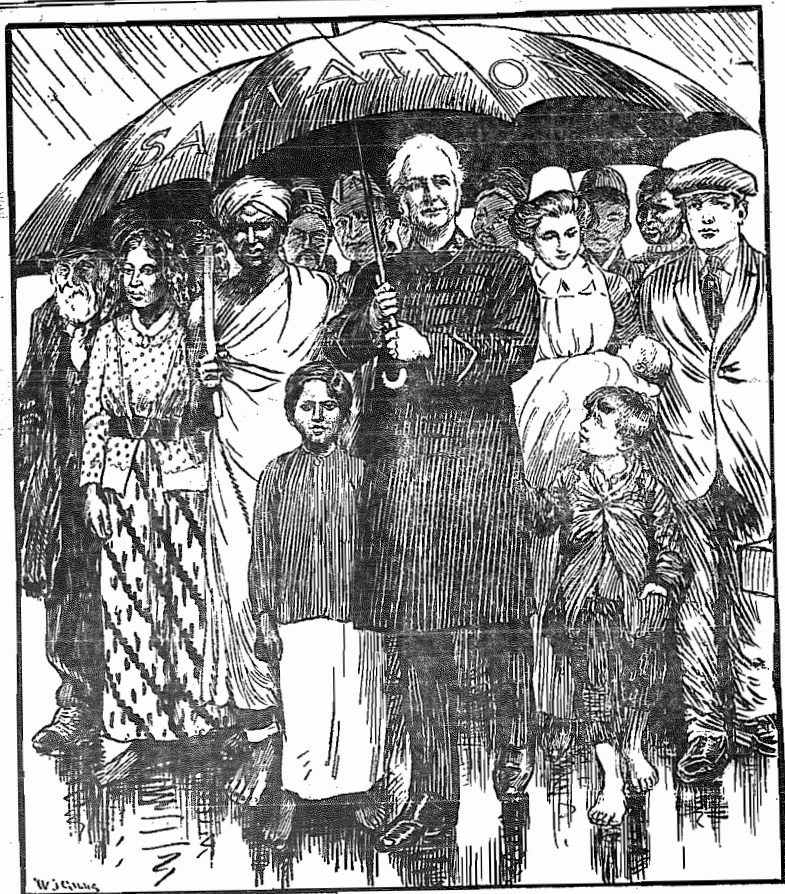
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Price Five Cents

TORONTO, APRIL 24, 1920

William Eadie, Commissioner



The World-Wide All-Embracing Salvation Army

ALL NATIONS AND ALL CLASSES NOT ONLY FIND SHELTER BENEATH THE WIDESPREAD UMBRELLA OF THE SALVATION ARMY, BUT IN THEIR TURN BECOME HELPERS OF "OTHERS"

BY THE GENERAL

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W. B. R. 1993

But you yourself are to
Do not say you cannot, for
alone can. If you would be
disciple—His holy, loving,
worthy disciple—you must
yourself. Cry to Him for help.

much as you will—you cannot cry

too often or too long; but
must do more than that; you
arise, and deny your own
nature; pinch, and kilaas, and
fuse your own inward sins, and
pose them to the light of
Confess them without ceas-
motify them without mercy,
slay them, and give them no q-
er. Say, and say in earnest-
Oh, how I hate these joys of mine
That crucified my God!—and
Flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.
Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die
I will not longer do things
That made my Saviour bleed,
Whit' with a melting, broken heart
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll never more be true to sin

SELF-DENIAL

100

SELF-DENIAL IS

A practical way of saying—
 living—Thy Kingdom come
 —a united effort by God's peo-
 ple for the replenishing of the
 time of their day.

A drawing closer together of
 and His servants in the Divine wa-
 ter of baptism by His Word.

An inspiring chance for Con-
 to "show their Colours" and sel-
 as recognition as holy Soldiers.

An opportunity for Soldiers
 to sing the songs of triumph
 received in the Salvation Ar-
 and their loyalty to their Leader
 as the only way of their salva-
 may be specially invited to con-
 tribute towards the cost of reaping
 the harvest of the Kingdom of
 they directly and indirectly bene-
 fit.

A challenge to faith, a triumph
 over all the powers of evil, a
 "forward!" and a preparation for
 the final triumph of God's hosts.

A blessed period of soul refresh-
 ing, armour testing, courage rais-
 ing, and the assurance that all
 of the Salvation Army—Officers

CONCLUSIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS

Major Sims is back again at Headquarters after a five weeks tour to the

COMMISSIONER EADIE CONDUCTS IMPRESSIVE GOV.

SONDAY MEETINGS AT NO. 11

THESE QUESTIONS OF THE VISIT TO QUILMANT:

Supported by Staff

"To me the outstanding fact of all was Mr. [sic] last words, 'Gather ye' for

The opening prayer was offered by Mrs. Brigadier Potter who carried us all again to Calvary, and our thoughts were turned to the wonderful life of service and the supreme sacrifice of the Man of Galilee. Mrs. Potter's prayer struck a high spiritual note and set a standard for the service. Staff-Captain

Lance, who followed, praised God the service,

Lieut.-Colonel Noble spoke next, and his words were given close attention. "Tarry ye here and watch with me," the words of Jesus, was the quotation to which the Colonel directed our thoughts, and his apostles, to His call.

Owing to a change in the pro-

Christian was a Gethsemane experience." Standing to a change in the program, no united procession as has

someone thought of them."—A. M.

MOOSE JAW

took place on Sunday, April 4, the Star Theatre being used for the meeting. At the Holiness meeting Mrs. Lonic gave a helpful address. In the afternoon, Staff Captain

Philips then called upon several Captains for short red-hot testimonies. Lieutenant Houghton, of the

Training School, soloed. The North Winnipeg Corps Band, which is greatly improved under Bandmaster Ed Taylor, played a march which was followed by a vocal duet by

Ensign Cox and Captain Mundy, entitled "There's a Cross upon a Hillside."

Life Out of Death

Life Out of Death

"You sinned against the Law o

"What shall we do with it? I took my sins to Jesus. He says 'whose'

sed my sins. I acknowledged them

At Calgary

Measurement of α and β for the α and β components

On his former visit, we welcomed him as Leader; now we have learned

The Sunday afternoon lecture is at the Grand Theatre, on "Aspects of

Number 11. Corps at Millhurst. For the balance of his four days' visit

the Commissioner, besides inspecting the Hospital, Hostel, Childrens' Home, etc., placed himself at the disposal of the Childrens' Home Campaign Committee, appearing at the Board of Trade, and giving val-

D. B. HANNA
President Canadian National R.
I have always been deeply in sympathy with the good work carried on by this organization, and, needless to say, I give me a great deal of pleasure to be a member of a Territorial Comm.

THE PUNCHER HELPS TO SAVE THE WORLD

"Broken Earthenware"

THE CONVERSION OF JOE THE CRIMINAL

The book by Harold Regie which was published some years ago with this title was hailed by all readers as a wonderful reinforcement of the position of evangelical religion. The character described was an inmate of a London slum, but the marvelous changes which took place in their lives and characters have their counterparts in all parts of the world where the Salvation Army is at work. The recent death of Staff-Captain Kate Lee, who was the "Angel Adjutant" of the narrative, and the fact that among those who attended the funeral (see page 14) was "Joe the Criminal" make especially appropriate the extracts taken below from the story of his conversion. The "Puncher" referred to was a notorious fighter who had previously been converted. Staff-Captain Lee was at the time the Officer in charge of the Corps.

JOE was a first-class huncher, and a man trusted and respected by the best brains in his profession. It was of Joe, the Puncher, thought most longingly after his own conversion. He knew how the wild spirits in that neighbourhood respected Joe. He knew that Joe was looked upon as the most dangerous man in the place. If only this king of the local terrors could be caught, could be made to fling off evil, and stand clean and straight for right living, what an effect it would produce, what a glory of religion!

So the Puncher waited for Joe, and the two eyes talked together—Joe hearing what the Puncher had to say, and leaving him with the promise to think it over. What the Puncher said was merely to point out the discomforts of evil and the comforts of goodness. He asked Joe to compare prison life with freedom, the lodging-house with home, crime with human affection. He could say, "Look at me now, and remember what I was once."

Joe could certainly see a great difference.

Impossible to Escape

But Joe was in the net of crime. His companions came about him. It was quite impossible to escape from them. Soon he was living in the lodging-houses of this dreadful quarter of the town.

The Puncher stuck to him. One evening he took Joe back with him to his home.

"I shall never forget that night," says Joe, with profound feeling.

There was no vision, no conversion. Joe expected to hear that Puncher had got him to pray, and that the vision had come. No. What the poor, hunted, harassed, and desperate criminal will never forget is the brightness and happiness of the Puncher's home.

"And he took me there," says Joe, opening his eyes; "me, fresh from prison, and had if ever a man was bad. I shall never forget that evening."

But before the Puncher could proceed with his humanitarian, Joe was back in prison.

This time he prayed to God nearly every night of his sentence, and among all the prayers he made.

A new idea had come to the criminal. He was persuaded that if he could make a good woman of himself, him he would be able to live a straight life. With this fixed idea in his head, this desperate creature, the police knelt down in his prison cell, night after night, and prayed that God would give him a wife.

Among all the strange tokens that go into the infinite from the souls of kneeling mortals, this human cry of the burglar in prison must seem to some the very strangest—for he

was praying for his idea of a Saviour, the only Saviour who could help him, a good woman—"that sort impossible She."

When he came from his praying and his prison labour, he found the faithful Puncher waiting for him. This time the Puncher begged him to come straight to the Salvation Army Hall, but the Criminal said no to that, and went on his way. If there was a God, he would answer that prayer of the prison cell, and send a woman to save him.

His Utter Hopelessness

A night or two after there was a dispute in a public house. The two disputants adjourned to fight it out. One of them was Joe. He nearly killed his man, but he himself suffered frightfully—his head was half split, his cheeks were cut, and his face was so smashed about that he was scarcely recognizable. He went from the fight to a chemist's shop and had his head bandaged, his wounds dressed. While this was being done, he felt the hopelessness of his case—his own utter hopelessness, and the strength of the net of crime which held him like a bird. He went straight from the bandaging to the Hall of the Salvation Army.

At first no one recognized him. He sat there, with his bruised and blackened eyes, his swollen lips, and his bandaged head, listening to what they had to say. Then one of the Salvationists came to him, recognized him, and said:

"Aren't you tired of your life?"

"I am."

"Wouldn't you like to begin again?"

"I would."

Then followed the usual invitation, and Joe got up and marched to the Penitent Form. He knelt down, and some of them knelt beside him. They counselled him. They prayed for him. He got up saying that he was saved.

What happened nobody knows. Joe himself is unable to explain. He knelt there and prayed; he rose feeling that he had sufficient strength to make a fight for himself. He says he felt himself quite free of the net of crime.

When Joe found employment in a laundry, he received no wages at first, only his food; but he worked well and never once gave occasion for complaint.

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His Utter Hopelessness

UP-TO-DATE INSTANCE

PROGRESS IN INDIA



Headman of Converted Village Handing to Commissioner Howard the Key of the Temple in order that it and the Idols it contains may be destroyed

THE incident depicted here took place last year, during the visit of the retiring Chief of the Staff to India. Major Dora Bates (R. R. Grose), a Canadian Officer who is working in India, and who may be seen standing behind the Commissioner, is reading the photograph.

"While Commissioner Howard was in South India, it was arranged for him to go to the village of Kothanacolum, for the breaking down of the Hindu Temple. We have been working this place as an outpost for about five years, and as all the Hindus have become Christians, they asked the Army to break down their temple and idols, and build them an Army Hall instead."

"The photo shows the Headman handing over the keys of the temple to the Commissioner after we had had a meeting in their village. In the foreground will be seen a number of the village sitting on the ground where they sat during the service. To the left of the picture is Commissioner Sukh Singh (Blowers), who is in charge of the

work of the South Indian Territory, and among the Officers to the left are Colonel and Mrs. Stevens who have just been appointed to take command of the work in Korea.

"The flowers around the necks of various Officers are the garlands with which, in accordance with custom, the villagers have decorated their visitors."

The Salvation Army is at the present time at work in more than 3,000 towns and villages in India and Ceylon, and has upwards of 25,000 Officers, teachers and employees wholly engaged in its native work, nine-tenths of whom have been raised from amongst its native converts. In addition there are between five and six thousand Local Officers (workers who give service in their spare time without pay). There are 668 institutions of various kinds in which nearly 30,000 persons are cared for, ranging from settlements for Criminal Tribes to day schools, and including hospitals, homes for men, women and children, etc., etc.

CHRISTIANITY OF THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

How the Salvation Army Simply and Truly Leads Worshippers of False Gods to the Loving Father of All.

"There is a foolish notion abroad that Christianity—Eastern in its origin—is the religion best fitted for the West, and Hinduism—an idolatrous superstition surviving from the dark night of paganism—the religion best fitted for an awakening India. Far from this being the truth of things, and nothing could be more fatal to civilization than to let a less prejudice against idolatry blind the eyes of Europe and America to this certain truth, that Awakening Asia will either rise up in the faith of Christianity or in the no-faith of a treacherous materialism."

In the evening the compound was more densely crowded than in the afternoon. At least five thousand people—probably many more—were sitting on the ground under the stars, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, brothers and sisters—a dense mass of black-faced and almost naked humanity, whose eyes reflected the moonlight and whose turbans and fan cloths shone like the elements of a galaxy against the immortality. Only a teacher of the pandit was occupied at the back by a white sheet. In the midst of the multitude was an Officer of the Army with a magic lantern. When the lights were put out, and the people had sung a hymn, we could still see the glitter of eyes and the shine of dark skins in the moonlight.

Admiration and Love

It was so striking to observe the effect upon these awaking savages when it appeared upon the sheet. There was a cry of admiration and these hands were clapped with a "hardness" to enthusiasm, and then a shout of acclaim rose from all the host. One thought of the humble work begun in East London only a few years ago by a Nottingham preacher, and reminded oneself of the fame of this old man, not only in the distant forest of Southern India, but all over the wide world and among all the various races of humanity.

There were other pictures; and then came the Life of Christ, told by paintings and moving pictures, and acting their prayers. Men formed by far the greater number of kneeling figures, most of them young men, between twenty and thirty years of age. They knelt in the dust, their hands at their sides, their eyes open, their heads slightly raised—figures so still that they might have been carved in ebony.

There was now a ceaseless stream of men and women into the pandal. The seriousness of the procession, and the solemnity of the kneeling, made a profound impression. Presently, encouraged by the Fakir, who moved amongst them praying and blessing a them, the kneeling multitude began to pray aloud. The noise of these deep voices filled the night, and it was as if a great wind, uttered his own longings, expressed his own needs. In a low monotone, rising and falling, the multitude, thousands of Tamils and Malayalis lifted their voices to the Father of humanity, and besought Him to forgive their sins, to heal their wretchedness, and to accept their prayer—Harold Regie in "Other Sheep."

Made Use of Parable

When the story had been told, a lamp was brought into the pandal, and the Fakir stood up, addressed the multitude, and said that he had been touched and startled by the pictures, that very night to come out and make petition to heaven for its

[Illegible text]

SELF-DENIAL SPREADS SALVATION and HEALING



Starving Koreans Receiving Supplies of Rice from Salvation Army Officers



Chinese Cadets Rejoice at arrival of Cornet with which they can call together their Countrymen to hear of Salvation



Consulting Room of Eye Specialist at Salvation Army Hospital, Tokyo, Japan. On the right is Dr. Imamura, a woman Salvationist



Explaining the Way of Salvation at a Wayside Kraal in Zululand. Commissioner Eadie and Lieut.-Colonel Smith are the Officers on the left